

Dreaming and Doing

L. D., in Union Signal.

Ambitious little Tommy lay on the sofa one warm July day, kicking idly at the window curtains and wishing there were more things that boys ten years old could do. Just as he had decided there was no chance now—a days for boys to be great, his musings were interrupted by his mother's entrance.

"Uncle Ned is in the yard, Tommy," she said, "and wants to know if you would like to drive out in the country with him."

Tommy was on his feet in an instant, and with an exclamation of delight got his hat and joined his uncle. Their destination was soon reached, and after helping Tommy out of the carriage, Uncle Ned went into the farm house, cautioning his little nephew to stay inside the yard until his return.

After Tommy had explored everything within bounds he grew impatient at his uncle's delay, and hung over the gate, staring at a boy across the road. Pretty soon the stranger caught sight of him, too, and called to him to come over for a minute. Tommy could not resist this invitation, and forgetting his promise to his uncle, joined the boy.

Tommy soon learned that his new friend's name was Harry, and that he was going to see a big peach tree that grew in an old man's orchard not far off. After some persuasion Tommy consented to go with him, and the two boys strolled down the road. When they reached the orchard Tommy was wild at the sight of the luscious fruit.

"Suppose you climb up and shake some down," suggested Harry. "The old man has gone, and we can get all the peaches we want, and then go behind that hill and eat them."

Tommy fell in all too readily with this proposal, and was quickly up in the tree, but as soon as Harry had picked up as many of the peaches as he could carry, he ran off without a word. Tommy called to him lustily, and began to descend, but before he could do so heard an angry bark, and glancing down he saw a huge mastiff bounding about the base of the tree and looking up at him with fiery eyes. Afraid to move, the terrified boy sat quaking in the tree, longing and yet dreading to have his uncle come, for he could image the expression that would cross that kind, tender face at finding him in the position of transgressor and thief—for he suddenly realized that he had actually been stealing.

Just then he saw a farmer approaching who, as he guessed, was the owner of both the dog and the orchard. He smiled grimly at Tommy as he saw his position.

"Well, young man," he called, "I guess you're in a pretty safe place. I can always trust Jim to catch thieves. You'd better stay where you are for awhile; it may do you good."

To Tommy's dismay the old man turned away, after patting the dog's head, and telling him to lie down and keep guard. For a long hour the boy sat in that peach tree, his thoughts wandering unhappily from his

uncle, and then back to himself. His dreaming of the morning occurred to him, and he grew hot with shame as he realized how far his actions had been from those of a great man, or even of a boy trying to be great.

Meanwhile Uncle Ned had sought for Tommy in vain, and finally had met the owner of the peach orchard, who proved to be an old friend. Learning his nephew's whereabouts, he agreed with the farmer that Tommy's best punishment was to remain for some time where he was and not until the end of an hour's conversation did he go to the release of the now thoroughly repentant little boy.

Being well acquainted with Tommy's habit of dreaming of a wonderful future, his only allusion to the boy's wrong-doing was to make him learn a line which he said might help him to remember after this. It came from one of the "poetry books" that Tommy had always despised, and consisted of only these words:

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long."

The recollection of that line and his morning's experience made Tommy's life after that day much nearer his ideal than all his dreaming had done before.

Sisters' Society C. E.

Via Crucis

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The darkened way, the steep hill road,
The shoulders bent beneath the load,
With fainting strength, with blinded eyes
Tear-wet, that see no beckoning prize,
We tread the self-same path that he,
The Master, went, thru Galilee,
And up Judea's heights of palm,
But have no heart for lifted psalm.
Our via crucis looms so dread,
So droops in wo our thought; so fled
Are those bright hours when far away
Seemed lonely house and cloudy day.

For joy that shone before him, he,
The Master, went to Calvary.
Dark o'er him gloomed the firmament,
His failing limbs were weak and spent,
The cross on which his form should hang
In utter grief and bitter pang
He could not carry o'er that steep:
Another bore it. Deep on deep
Of anguish shook the Savior's form,
He bowed him to the hurtling storm,
But, in the joy before him, he
Thru all the wo sought Calvary.

Our roughest path that scars the feet,
Yet leads us home: our dark hours fleet,
And somewhere, ere we reach the last,
We'll know the pain and peril past.
No anguish but must pale and fade
In Calvary's gulf of midnight shade.
No loneliness of ours can be,
Like his, in dim Gethsemane,
And never cup our lips can press
Like his,—he drank our lives to bless.
Our via crucis we must tread
With blinded eyes, yet lifted head,
For by that way, since God is true,
We reach the light; we win safe thru
All stress and tempest till we come
To Christ and our dear loved at home.

—Sunday School Times.

Treasurer's Report of the S. S. C. E. for the Month of June

THEOLOGICAL FUND

Mount Union, Pa.	\$2 58
Vinco, "	1 25
Pike, "	1 17
Burr L. Fields, offering	1 00
Maple Grove, Ind., S. S. C. E.	70
Sergeantsville, N. J., "	1 85
Ridgely, Maryland "	55
Falls City, Neb. "	1 00
Auburn, Ill. "	80
Mrs. Agnes Berry, on pledge	1 00
Balance	\$11 90

HOME MISSIONS

Reported	\$147 51
Maple Grove, Ind., S. S. C. E.	70
Bear Creek, Ohio, "	3 00
Pony Creek, Kans., "	75
Falls City, Neb., "	1 00
To treasurer of N. M. B.	10 00
Balance	\$142 96

FOREIGN MISSIONS

Reported	\$16 45
Ridgely, Md., S. S. C. E.	50
Balance	\$16 95

SUPERANNUATED MINISTERS FUND

Reported	\$34 09
Sergeantsville, N. J., S. S. C. E.	1 85
Pony Creek, Kans., "	75
Withdrawn for Holsinger fund	10 00
Balance	\$26 69

HOLSINGER FUND

From S. M. fund	\$10 00
To Brother Holsinger	10 00

ALICE E. AUGUSTINE

South Bend, Ind.

From the Field

Before beginning my regular report of the churches, I wish to speak of the importance of being prompt with our preparations for National Conference. I would repeat what Sister Perry wrote a few weeks ago in these columns. If the annual report of your society has not yet been sent to Mrs. Perry let the president see to it that the secretary sends it at once, and thus give our national secretary time to make a complete report for conference. Should any society fail to receive a report blank, I trust it will be one whose president and secretary are loyal enough to report their work anyway. Write to Mrs. Bessie Perry at North Manchester telling her how many members in your society, how much money received, and how much paid out during the year and for what purposes. Tho you have done but little, tell that little, for we are exceedingly desirous for a full report at this conference. If one of you neglect this, I shall miss your name at once on the list and be greatly disappointed in you. Please read again, especially the first part of Sister Perry's letter in BRETHREN EVANGELIST, No. 29.

Some of you are aware that the amount our national S. S. C. E. paid towards the support of the Bible department during the last school year was not what it should have been. Last year we began a special effort to add to this fund by making a silk quilt (fan pattern.) Each one of you who offered to help me and make a block, please have it